



Mr. JOHN BUNYAN,
Minister of the Gospel at Bedford;
Died at London August 31st 1688, Aged 60,
having written 60 Books.

DIVINE EMBLEMS:
OR
Temporal Things Spiritualized.
CALCULATED.
For the Use of YOUNG PEOPLE.
Adorned with Fifty Copper Plate Cuts
BY
MR JOHN BUNYAN.
Author of the Pilgrim's Progress,
and Holy War, &c.

Remember now thy Creator
in the days of thy Youth.
Ecclesiastes 12.1.

Price Bound 1^s 6^d

L O N D O N .
Engraved, Printed and Sold by T. Bennett,
N^o 7, Plough Court, Fetter Lane Holborn,
Likewise Sold by T. Maffey, N^o 18, Snow Hill,
M. Trapp, N^o 1, Pater-noster-Row M. Gurney,
N^o 128, and Wilkins, N^o 60, Holborn Hill.

C 1790.



Mr. JOHN BUNYAN,
Minister of the Gospel at Bedford;
Died at London August 31st 1688, Aged 60,
having written 60 Books.

DIVINE EMBLEMS:
OR
Temporal Things Spiritualized.
CALCULATED.
For the Use of YOUNG PEOPLE.
Adorned with Fifty Copper Plate Cuts
BY
M.^R JOHN BUNYAN.
Author of the Pilgrim's Progress,
and Holy War, &c.

Remember now thy Creator
in the days of thy Youth.
Ecclesiastes 12.1.

Price Bound 1^s 6^d

L O N D O N .
Engraved, Printed and Sold by T. Bennett,
N^o 7, Plough Court, Fetter Lane Holborn,
Likewise Sold by T. Maffey, N^o 18, Snow Hill,
M. Trapp, N^o 1, Pater-noster-Row M. Gurney,
N^o 128, and Wilkins, N^o 60, Holborn Hill.

CL. 790/175.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

THE title- page will shew, if thou wilt look,
Who are the proper subjects of this book,
They're boys and girls, of all sorts and degrees,
From those of age, to children on the knees,
Thus comprehensive am I in my notions,
They tempt me to it by their childish motions.
We now have boys with beards, and girls that be
Huge as old women, wanting gravity.
Then do not blame me, since I thus describe 'em,
Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe 'em
To have better judgement of them selves,
Than wise men have of babies on the shelves.
Their antic tricks, fantastic modes, and way,
Shew they like very boys and girls do play
With all the frantic fooleries of the age,
And that in open view, as on a stage;
Our bearded men do act like beardless boys,
Our women please themselves with childish toys.
Our ministers long time by word and pen
Dealt with them, counting them not boys, but men.

6 P R E F A C E.

They shot their thunders at them, and their toys,
 But hit them not, 'cause they were girls and boys.
 The better charg'd, the wider still they shot,
 Or else so high, these dwarfs they touched not.
 Instead of men, they found them girls and boys,
 To nought addicted but to childish toys,
 Wherefore, dear reader, that I save them may,
 I now with them the very Dotril play.
 And since at gravity they make a tush,
 My very beard I cast behind a bush.
 And like a fool stand fingering of their toys,
 And all to shew they are but girls and boys.
 Nor do I blush, although I think some may
 Call me a child, because I with them play:
 I aim to show them how each fingle-fangle
 On which they dote, does but their souls entangle,
 As with a web, a trap, a gin, a snare;
 And will destroy them, have they not a care.

Paul seemed to play the fool, that he might gain
 Those that were fools indeed, if not in grain;
 He did it by such things to let them see
 Their emptiness, their sin and vanity: }
 A noble act, and full of honesty! }

Nor he, nor I would like them be in vice,
 But by their play things, I would them intice,
 That they might raise their thoughts from childish toys,

P R E F A C E. 7

To heaven, for that's prepared for girls and boys.
Nor would I so confine myself to these,
As to shun graver things, but seek to please
Those more compos'd with better things than toys;
Tho' I would thus be catching girls and boys.

Wherefore if men inclined are to look,
Perhaps their graver fancies may be took
With what is here, tho' but in homely rhimes.
But he who pleases all must rise betimes.
Some, I persuade me, will be finding fault,
Concluding here I trip, and there I halt:
No doubt some could those groveling notions raise
By fine spun terms, that challenge might the bays.
Should all be forc'd their brains to lay aside
That cannot regulate the flowing tide;
By this or that man's fancy, we should have
The wise, unto the fool, become a slave,
What tho' my text seems mean, my morals be
Grave, as if fetch'd from a sublimer tree.
And if some better handle can a fly,
Than some a text, wherefore should we deny,
Their making proof, or good experiment,
Of smallest things, great mischiefs to prevent?
Wise Solomon did fools to pismires send,
To learn true wisdom, and their lives to mend.
Yea, God by swallows, cuckows, and the ass,

Shews they are fools who let that season pass,
Which he put in their hand, that to obtain,
Which is both present and eternal gain.

I think the wiser sort my rhyme may flight,
While I peruse them, fools will take delight.
Then what care I? the foolish; God has chose;
And doth by foolish things their minds compose,
And settle upon that which is divine;
Great things by little ones are made to shine.

I could, were I so pleas'd use higher strains;
And for applause on tenters stretch my brains.
But what needs that? the arrow out of sight,
Does not the sleeper, nor the watchman fright;
To shoot too high doth make but children gaze,
'Tis that which hits the man doth him amaze.
As for the inconsiderableness

Of things, by which I do my mind express:
May I by them bring some good thing to pass,
As Sampson, with the jaw-bone of an ass;
Or as brave Shamgar with his ox's goad,
(Both things unmanly, not for war in mode)
I have my end, tho' I myself expose:
For God will have the glory at the close.

J. B.

T H E C O N T E N T S.

On the barren fig-tree - - -	page 11
On the Lark and the Fowler - - -	13
On the Vine-tree - - -	15
Meditations upon an Egg - - -	16
Of Fowls flying in the Air - - -	18
On the Lord's Prayer - - -	20
Meditations upon the Peep of Day - -	21
On the flint in the water - - -	22
On the fish in the water - - -	23
On the Swallow - - -	24
On the Bee - - -	25
On a low'ring morning - - -	26
On niceness - - -	27
Meditations upon a candle - - -	28
On the Sacraments - - -	31
On the Sun's reflection - - -	32
On apparel - - -	33
The finner and spider - - -	34
Meditations upon the day - - -	42
Of the mole - - -	43
Of the cuckoo - - -	44
Of the boy and butter-fly - - -	46
Of the fly at the candle - - -	48
On the rising of the sun - - -	50

10 C O N T E N T S.

On the fruitful tree - - -	page 51
On the thief - - -	53
Of the child with the bird - - -	55
Of Moses and his Wife - - -	58
Of the rose bush - - -	59
Of the going down of the sun - - -	61
On the frog - - -	62
On the whipping of a top - - -	63
On the pismire - - -	64
On the beggar - - -	65
On the horse and his rider - - -	66
On a pound of candles - - -	68
On a penny loaf - - -	69
The boy and watch-maker - - -	70
On a looking-glass - - -	72
On the love of Christ - - -	73
On the cackling of a hen - - -	75
On an hour-glass - - -	76
On a snail - - -	77
Of the Spouse of Christ - - -	79
On a skilful player - - -	82
Of man by nature - - -	84
On the disobedient child - - -	85
On a sheet of white paper - - -	87
On the fire - - -	88

Mr. JOHN BUNYAN'S DIVINE EMBLEMS. II



Upon the barren fig-tree in God's
vineyard.

WHAT barren here! in this so good a foil?
The sight of this doth make God's heart recoil
From giving thee his blessing barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thine end will curf'd be!

Art thou not planted by the water fide?
Know'st not thy Lord by fruit is glorify'd?
The sentence is, Cut down the barren tree:
Bear fruit, or else thine end will curf'd be!

Thou hast been digg'd about and dunged too,
Will neither patience, nor yet dressing do?
The executioner is come, O tree,

Bear fruit, or else thine end will curfed be!

He that about thy roots takes pains to dig,
Would, if on thee were found but one good fig,
Preserve thee from the ax: but barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curfed be!

The utmost end of patience is at hand,
'Tis much if thou much longer here doth stand.
O cumber-ground, thou art a barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curfed be!

Thy standing, nor thy name will help at all;
When fruitful trees are spared, thou must fall.
The ax is laid unto thy roots, O tree!
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curfed be.



Upon the Lark and the Fowler.

THOU simple bird, what makes thee here to play?
 Look, there's the fowler, pr'ythee come away.
 Do'st not behold the net? Look there 'tis spread.
 Venture a little further, thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the field
 For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield
 To the deceitful glitt'ring of a glafs,
 Between nets plac'd to bring thy death to pass?

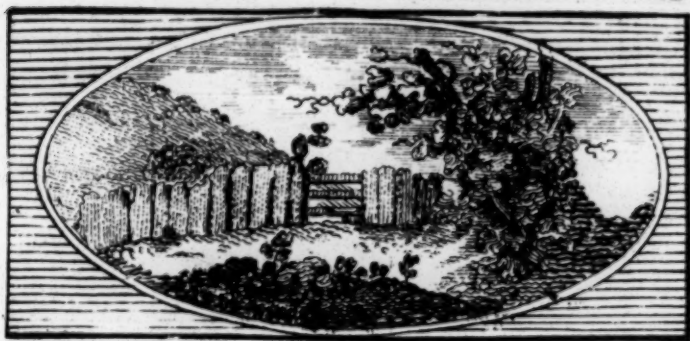
Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
 Look there's the sun above thee; dart upright;
 Thy nature is to soar up to the sky,
 Why wilt thou then come down to the nets and die?

Heed not the fowler's tempting flattering call;
 This whistle he enchanteth birds withal.
 What tho' thou see'st a live bird in his net,

She's there, because from thence she cannot get,
Look how he tempteth thee with his decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy life, thy joy.
Come pr'ythee bird, I pr'ythee come away,
Why should'st thou to this net become a prey?
Had'st thou not wings, or were thy feathers pull'd,
Or wast thou blind, or fast asleep wer't lull'd:
The case would somewhat alter, but for thee.
Thy eyes are open, and thou hast wings to flee.
Remember that thy song is in thy rise,
Not in thy fall; earth's not thy paradise.
Keep up aloft then, let thy circuits be
Above, where birds from fowler's nets are free.

COMPARISON.

This fowler is an emblem of the devil,
His nets and whistle, figures of all evil.
His glass an emblem is of sinful pleasure,
Decoying such, who reckon sin a treasure.
This simple lark's a shadow of a saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.
What you have read, a needful warning is
Designed to shew the soul its share and bliss,
And how it may this fowler's net escape
And not commit upon itself this rape.



Upon the Vine-tree.

WHAT is the vine, more than another tree?
Nay most, than it, more tall more comely be?
What workman thence will take a beam or pin,
To make out which may be delighted in?
Its excellency in its fruit doth lie:
A fruitless vine it is not worth a fly.

COMPARISON.

What are professors more than other men?
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,
Either for wealth, or wit, that may compare,
In many things, with some that carnal are.
Good then they are, when mortify'd their sin.
But without that, they are not worth a pin.



Meditations upon an Egg.

THE egg's no chick by falling from the hen:
Nor man a Christian till he's born again.

The egg's at first contained in the shell:
Men afore grace, in fins and darknes dwell.

The egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken,
- And Christ by grace the dead in sin does quicken.
The chick at first is in the cell confin'd;

So heav'n-born souls are in the flesh detain'd.

The shell doth crack, the chick doth chirp and peep,

The flesh decays, and men then pray and weep.

The shell doth break, the chick's at liberty,

The flesh falls off, the soul mounts up on high.

But both do not enjoy the selfsame plight;
The soul is safe, the chick now fears the kite.

But chicks from rotten eggs do not proceed;
Nor is an hypocrite a faint indeed.

The rotten egg, tho' underneath the hen,
If crack'd, stinks, and is loathsome unto men.
Nor doth her warmth make what is rotten found;
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.

The hypocrite, sin has him in possession,
He is a rotten egg under profession.

Some eggs bring cockatrices; and some men
Some hatch'd and brooded in the viper's den.
Some eggs bring wild-fowls; and some men
there be

As wild as are the wildest fowls that flee.
Some eggs bring spiders; and some men appear
More venom'd than the worst of spiders are.
Some eggs bring pismires; and some seem to me
As much for trifles as the pismires be.
And thus do divers eggs form different shapes,
As like some men as monkeys are like apes.
But this is but an egg, were it a chick,
Here had been legs, and wings and bones to
pick.



Of Fowls flying in the Air.

MEthinks I see a sight most excellent,
All forts of birds fly in the firmament:
Some great, some small, all of a divers kind,
Mine eye affecting, pleasant to my mind.
Look how they wing along the wholesome air,
Above the world of worldlings, and their care.
And as they divers are in bulk and hue,
So are they in their way of flying too.
So many birds, so many various things
Swim in the element upon their wings.

COMPARISON.

These birds are emblems of those men,
that shall

E'er long possess the heavens, their all in all.

They each are of a diff'rent shape and kind;

To teach we off all nations there shall find.

They are some great, some little as we see,

To shew, some great, some small, in glory be.

Their flying diversly, as we behold,

Do shew faints joys will there be manifold.

Some glide, some mount, some flutter, and
some do,

In a mixt way of flying, glory too.

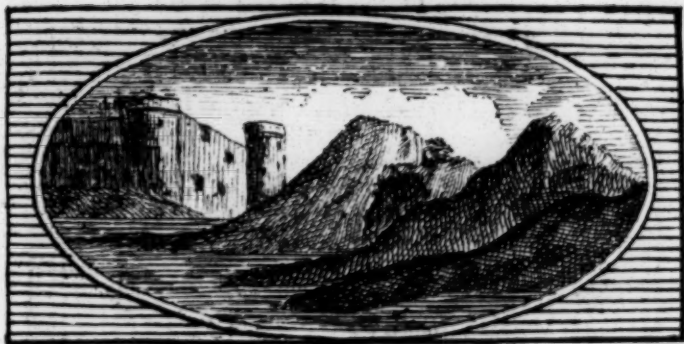
To shew that each shall to his full content,

Be happy in that heav'nly firmament.



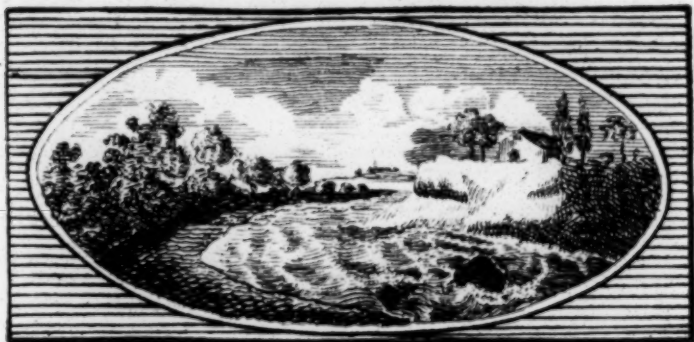
Upon the Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father which in heaven art,
Thy name be always hallowed;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;
Thy heavenly path be followed:
By us on earth, as 'tis with thee,
We humbly pray;
And let our bread to us be giv'n
From day to day.
Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Those that to us indebted are:
Into temptation lead us not;
But save us from the wicked snare.
The kingdom's thine, the power too,
We thee adore;
The glory also shall be thine
For evermore.



Meditations upon the Peep of Day.

AT peep of day I often cannot know
Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or no.
I fancy that I see a little light,
But cannot yet distinguish day from night;
I hope, I doubt, but certain yet I be not,
I am not at a point, the sun I see not.
Thus such, who are but just of grace possess,
They know not yet if they be curst or blest.



Upon the Flint in the Water.

THIS flint, time out of mind has there abode,
Where chrystal streams make their continual road,
Yet it abides a flint as much as 'twere,
Before it touched the water, or came there.

Its hardness is not in the least abated,
'Tis not at all by water penetrated.
'Though water hath a soft'ning virtue in't,
It can't dissolve the stone for 'tis a flint.

Yet, tho' in the water it doth still remain,
Its fiery nature still it does retain.
If you oppose it with its opposite,
'Then in your very face its fire 'twill spit.

COMPARISON.

This flint an emblem is of those that lie,
Under the word like stones, until they die.
Its crystal streams have not their natures chang'd,
They are not from their lusts by grace estrang'd.



Upon the Fish in the Water.

THE water is the fish's element:
Take her from thence, none can her death
prevent,

And some have said, who have transgressors seen
As good not be, as to be kept from sin.

The water is the fish's element:
Leave her but there, and she is well content.
So's he, who in the path of life doth plod,
Take all; says he, let me but have my God.

The water is the fish's element:
Her sportings there to her are excellent:
So is God's service unto holy men,
They are not in their element till then.



Upon the Swallow.

THIS pretty bird, oh! how she flies
and sings!

But could she do so if she had not wings?

Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs
my peace;

When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.



Upon the Bee.

THE bee goes out, and honey home doth
bring;
And some who seek that honey find a sting,
Now would'st thou have the honey, and be free
From stinging; in the first place kill the bee.

COMPARISON.

This bee an emblem truly is of sin,
Whose sweet unto a many, death has been.
Would'st thou have sweet from sin, and
yet not die.
Sin in the first place thou must mortify.



Upon a low'ring Morning.

WELL, with the day I see the clouds appear;
 And mix the light with darkness ev'ry where;
 This threatens those who on long journeys go,
 That they shall meet with slabby rain or snow.
 Else while I gaze, the sun doth with his beams
 Belace the clouds, as 'twere with bloody streams;
 Then suddenly those clouds do watry grow,
 And weep and pour their tears out where they go.

COMPARISON.

Thus 'tis when gospel light doth usher in
 To us, both sense of grace, and sense of sin;
 Yea, when it makes sin red with Jesus' blood,
 Then we can weep, till weeping does us good.



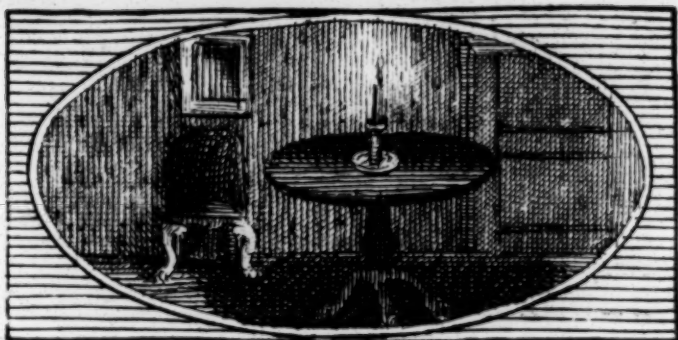
Upon over-much Niceness.

'TIS strange to see how over-nice are some
About their cloaths, their bodies and their home:
While what's of worth, they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it at all, or slovenly.

Their houses must well furnish'd be in print;
While their immortal soul has no good in't.
Its outside also they must beautify,
While there is in't scarce common honesty.

Their bodies they must have trick'd up and trim:
Their inside full of filth up to the brim.
Upon their cloathes there must not be a spot,
Whereas their lives are but one common blot.

How nice how coy are some about their diet,
That can their crying souls with hogs-meat quiet.
All must be dress'd t'a hair, or else 'tis naught,
While of the living bread they have no thought.
Thus for their outside they are clean and nice,
While their poor inside stinks with sin and vice.



Meditations upon a Candle.

MAN's like a candle in a candlestick,
 Made up of tallow, and a little wick;
 For what the candle is, before 'tis lighted,
 Just such be they who are in sin benighted.
 Ner can a man his soul with grace inspire,
 More than the candles set themselves on fire.

Candles receive their light from what they are not:
 Men grace from him, for whom at first they care not.

We manage candles when they take the fire;
 God men, when he with grace doth them inspire.
 And biggest candles give the better light,
 As grace on biggest sinners shines most bright.

The candle shines to make another see,
 A faint unto his neighbour light should be.

The blinking candle we do much despise,
 Saints dim of light are high in no man's eyes.

Again, though it may seem to some a riddle,
We use to light our candle at the middle:
True light doth at the candle's end appear,
And grace the heart first reaches by the ear.
But 'tis the wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that grace first works upon,
Thus both do fasten upon what's the main,
And so their life and vigour do maintain.

The tallow makes the wick yield to the fire,
And sinful flesh doth make the soul desire,
That grace may kindle on it, in it burn;
So evil makes the soul from evil turn.

But candles in the wind are apt to flare;
And christians in a tempest, to despair.
We see the flame with smoke attended is;
And in our holy lives there's much amiss.

Sometimes a thief will candlelight annoy:
And lusts do seek our graces to destroy.
What brackish is will make a candle sputter;
'Twixt sin and grace there's oft a heavy clutter.
Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cause of the snuff,
And sometimes 'tis blown quite out with a puff;
But watchfulness preventeth both these evils,
Keeps candles light, and grace in spite of devils.

But let not snuffs nor puffs make us to doubt;

Our candles may be lighted, tho' puff't out.
 The candle in the night doth all excel,
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, then shine so well,
 So is the Christian in our hemisphere,
 Whose light shews others how their course to steer.
 When candles are put out, all's in confusion;
 Where Christians are not, devils make intrusion.
 They then are happy who such candles have,
 All others dwell in darkness and the grave.
 But candles that do blink within the socket,
 And saints whose eyes are always in their pocket,
 Are much alike; such candles make us fumble;
 And at such saints, good men and bad do stumble.

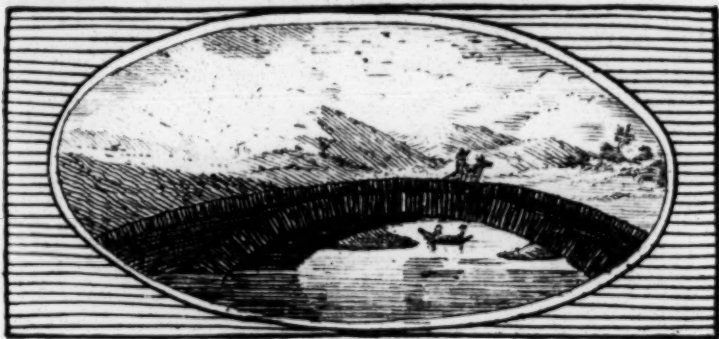
Good candles don't offend, except sore eyes,
 Nor hurt, unless it be the silly flies:
 Thus none like burning candles in the night,
 Nor ought to holy living for delight.
 But let us draw towards the candle's end:
 The fire, you see, doth wick and tallow spend;
 As grace man's life, until his glass is run,
 And so the candle and the man is done.

The man now lays him down upon his bed;
 The wick yield up its fire; and so is dead.
 The candle now extinct is, but the man,
 By grace mounts up to glory, there to stand.



Upon the Sacraments.

TWO sacraments I do believe there be
Ev'n baptism and the Supper of the Lord;
Both mysteries divine, which do to me,
By God's appointment, benefit afford:
But shall they be my God, or shall I have
Of them so foul and impious a thought,
To think that from the curse they can me save?
Bread, wine, nor water me no ransom
bought.



Upon the Sun's Reflection upon the
Clouds in a fair Morning.

LOOK yonder, ah! methinks mine eyes do see,
Clouds edg'd with silver, as fine garments be.
They look as if they saw the golden face,
That makes black clouds most beautiful with
grace.

Unto the saints sweet incense of their prayer,
These smoaky curled clouds I do compare.
For as these clouds seem edg'd, or lac'd with
gold,
Their prayers return with blessings manifold.



Upon Apparel.

GOD gave us cloaths to hide our nakedness,

And we by them do it expose to view.

Our pride and unclean minds, to an excess,

By our apparel we to others shew.



The Sinner and the Spider.

Sinner.

WHAT black, what ugly crawling thing art thou.

Spider.

I am a spider

Sinner.

A spider, ay; truly a filthy creature.

Spider.

Not filthy as thyself in name or feature:
My name entailed is to my creation;
My features, from the God of thy salvation.

Sinner.

I am a man, and in God's image made,
I have a soul shall neither die nor fade:
God has possessed me with human reason,
Speak not against me lest thou speakest treason.
For if I am the image of my maker,
Of slanders laid on me he is partaker.

Spider.

I know thou art a creature far above me,
Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
But tho' thy God hath made thee such a creature,
Thou hast against him often play'd the traitor.
Thy sin has fetch'd thee down: leave off to boast;
Nature thou hast defild, God's image lost,
Yea thou, thyself a very beast hast made,
And art become like grass, which soon doth fade.
Thy soul, thy reason, yea thy spotless state,
Sin has subjected to th'most dreadful fate.
But I retain my primitive condition,
I've all but what I lost by thy ambition.

Sinner.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee;
The dregs of nature surely did befall thee;
Thou wast compos'd o'th' dross and scum of all.
Men hate thee, and in scorn thee Spider call.

Spider.

My venom's good for something; since God
made it,
Thy nature sin hath spoil'd, and doth degrade it.
Thou art despoil'd of good: and tho' I fear thee,
I will not, tho' I might, despise and jeer thee.
Thou say'st I am the very dregs of nature,
Thy sin's the spawn of devils, 'tis no creature.
Thou say'st man hates me, 'cause I am a spider,
Poor man, thou at thy God art a derider;
My venom tendeth to my preservation;

Thy pleasing follies work out thy damnation.
 Poor man, I keep the rules of my creation,
 Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy station.
 I hurt no body willingly; but thou
 Art a self-murderer: thou know'st not how
 To do what's good; no, for thou lovest evil:
 Thou fly'st God's law, adherest to the devil.

Sinner.

Thou ill-shap'd thing, there's an antipathy,
 'Twixt man and spiders, 'tis in vain to lye;
 Stand off, I hate thee, if thou dost come nigh me,
 I'll crush thee with my foot; I do defy thee.

Spider.

They are ill-shap'd, who warped are by sin,
 Hatred in thee to God hath long time been;
 No marvel then indeed, if me his creature
 Thou dost defy, pretending name and feature.
 But why stand off? My presence shall not
 throng thee,

'Tis not my venom, but thy sin doth wrong thee.

Come, I will teach thee wisdom, do but hear me,
 I was made for thy profit, do not fear me,
 But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,
 What can the swallow, ant, and spider do.
 Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected,
 Sometimes great things, by small means are
 effected.

Hark then, tho' man is noble by creation,
 He's lapsed now to such degeneration

As not to grieve, so careless is he grown,
Tho' he himself has sadly over thrown,
And brought to bondage every earthly thing,
Ev'n from the very spider to the king:
This we poor sensitives do feel and see;
For subject to the curse you made us be.
Tread not upon me, neither from me go;
'Tis man which has brought all the world to woe.

The law of my creation bids me teach thee;
I will not for thy pride to God impeach thee.
I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see
Thy best performances but cobwebs be.
Thy glory now is brought to such an ebb,
It doth not much excel the spider's web.
My webs becoming snares and traps for flies,
Do set the wiles of hell before thine eyes,
Their tangling nature is to let thee see,
Thy sins (too) of a tangling nature be.
My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of damnation shew the lastingness.
My lying quiet till the fly is catcht,
Shews, secretly hell hath thy ruin hatcht.
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers, whom God hath forsaken.
The fly lies buzzing in my webb to tell
How sinners always roar and howl in hell.

Now since I shew thee all these mysteries,
How canst thou hate me; or me scandalize?

Sinner.

Well, well; I will no more be a derider,
I did not look for such things from a spider.

Spider.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to say,
If heeded may help thee another day.
Since I an ugly ven'mous creature be,
There's some resemblance 'twixt vile man
and me.

My wild & heedless runnings, are like those
Whose ways to ruin do their souls expose.
Day-light is not my time, I work i'th' night,
To shew, they are like me who hate the light.
The maid sweeps one web down, I make another,
To shew how heedless ones convictions smother.
My web is no defence at all to me,
Nor will false hopes at judgment be to thee.

Sinner.

O spider, I have heard thee, and do wonder,
A spider should thus lighten and thus thunder.

Spider.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,
Yet in my ways more mysteries there be.
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
I shew to thee a four-fold way to hell.
For since I set my web in sundry places,
I shew men go to hell in divers traces.

One I set in the window, that I might
Shew, some go down to hell with gospel-light.

One I set in a corner, as you see,
To shew how some in secret snared be.

Gross webs great store I set in darksome
places,

To shew, how many sin with brazen faces.

Another web I set aloft on high,
To shew there's some professing men must die.
Thus in my ways, God wisdom doth conceal;
And by my ways that wisdom doth reveal.

I hide myself when I for flies do wait,
So doth the devil when he lays his bait;
If I do fear the losing of my prey,
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
That sure as she is catch'd, so she must die,
But if I see she's like to get away,
Then with my venom I her journey stay.
All which my ways, the devil imitates
To catch men, 'cause he their salvation hates.

Sinner.

O spider, thou delight'st me with thy skill,
I pr'ythee spit this venom at me still.

Spider.

I am a spider, yet I can possess
The palace of a king, where happiness
So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither
I make my hasty travels; no not they:
They let me pass, and I go on my way.
I seize the palace, do with hands take hold
Of doors, of locks, or bolts; yet I am bold,

40 Mr. JOHN BUNYAN'S

When in, to chamber up unto the throne,
And to possess it, as if 'twere my own.
Nor if there any law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this palace be.

At pleasure I ascend the highest stories,
And then I sit, and so behold the glories,
Myself is compass'd with, as if I were,
One of the chiefest courtiers that be there.

Here lords and ladies do come round,
about me,
With grave demeanour, nor do any flout me,
For this my brave adventure no not they;
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

Now, my reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou may'st possess thyself of blifs:
Thou art worse than a spider, but take hold
On Christ the door, thou shalt not be controul'd:
By him do thou the heavenly palace enter;
None e'er will chide thee for thy brave
adventure.

Approach thou then unto the very throne,
There speak thy mind; fear not, the day's thine own.
Nor faint, nor angel will thee stop or stay,
But rather tumble blocks out of the way.
My venom stops not me; let not thy vice
Stop thee; possess thyself of paradise.

Go on, I say, although thou be a sinner,
Learn to be bold in faith, of me a spinner.
This is the way true glories to possess,
And to enjoy what no man can express.

Sometimes I find the palace-door up-lock't.
And so my entrance 'thither has up-block't.
But am I daunted? No, I here and there
Do feel, and search; and so if any where,
At any chink or crevice find my way,
I croud, I press for passage, make no stay:
And so through difficulty I attain
The palace, yea the throne where princes reign.
I croud sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder;
And art thou crush'd with striving, do not wonder.
Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter:
Knock, for they nothing have, that nothing
venture.

Nor will the King himself throw dirt on thee,
As thou hast cast reproaches upon me.
He will not hate thee, O thou foul backslider!
As thou didst me, because I am a spider.
Now, to conclude: since I much doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing.
God wisdom hath unto the pismire given,
And spiders may teach men the way to heaven.
Sinner.

Well, my good spider, I my errors see,
I was a fool for railing so at thee.
Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
But shew what sinners are, and what they do.
Thy way, and works do also darkly tell,
How some men go to heaven, and some to hell.
Thou art my monitor, I am a fool;
They may learn, that to spiders go to school.



Meditations upon the Day before the
Sun-rising.

BUT all this while, where's he whose golden
rays

Drives night away, and beautifies our days.

Where's he whose goodly face doth warm
and heal,

And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?

Where's he that thaws our ice, drives cold away?

Let's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with those who are possessors of grace,
There's nought to them like their Redeemer's
face.



Of the Mole in the Ground.

THE Mole's a creature very smooth and slick,
She digs i'th' dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.
So's he who counts this world, his greatest
gains,

Yet nothing gets but labour for his pains.
Earth's the mole's element, she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride.
And he is like her, who the worldling plays,
He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor silly mole, that thou should'st love
to be,

Where thou, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars
canst see,

But oh! How silly's he, who doth not care
So he gets earth, to have of heaven a share!



Of the Cuckoo.

THOU booby, say'st thou nothing but Cuckoo?
The Robin and the Wren can thee out-do.
They to us play thorough their little throats,
Not one, but sundry pretty tuneful notes.
But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.
Thy notes do not first welcome in our spring,
Nor dost thou its first tokens to us bring.
Birds less than thee by far, like prophets, do
Tell us 'tis coming, though not by Cuckoo.

Nor dost thou summer have away with thee,
Though thou a yawling bawling Cuckoo be.
When thou dost cease among us to appear,

Then doth our harvest bravely crown our
year.

But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs and sing Cuckoo.

Since Cuckoos forward not our early spring,
Nor help with notes to bring our harvest in:
And since while her, she only makes a noise,
So pleasing unto none as girls and boys,
The Formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.



Of the Boy and Butter-Fly.

BEhold how eager this our little Boy
Is for this Butter-fly, as if all joy.
All profits, honours, yea and lasting pleasures,
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest treasures,
Found in her, would be bundled up together,
When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He holloos, runs, and cries out, Here
boys here,

Nor doth he brambles or the nettles fear:
He stumbles at the mole hills, up he gets,
And runs again, as one bereft of wits; 
And all his labour and his large outcry,
Is only for a silly Butter-fly.

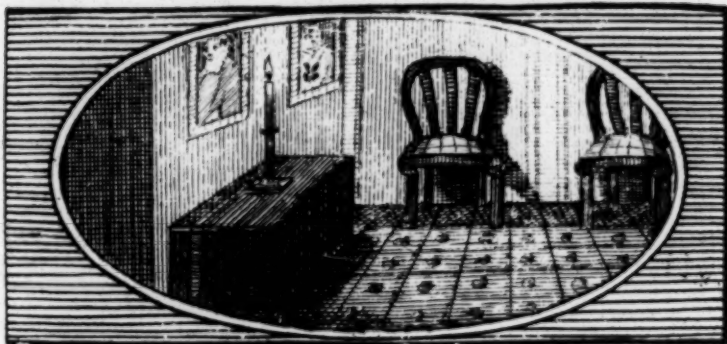
COMPARISON.

This little boy an emblem is of those,
Whose hearts are wholly at the world's dispose,
The Butter-fly doth represent to me,
The world's best things at best but fading be.
All are but painted nothings and false joys,
Like this poor Butter-fly to these our boys.
His running thorough nettles, thorns and
briars,

To gratify his boyish fond desires;
His tumbling over mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his Butter-fly to gain;
Doth plainly shew what hazards some
men run,

To get what will be lost as soon as won.
Men seem in choice, than children far
more wise,

Because they run not after Butter-flies;
When yet alas! for what are empty toys,
They follow children, like to beardless boys.



Of the Fly at the Candle.

WHAT ails this fly thus desperately to enter.
A combat with the candle? Will she venture
To clash at light? Away thou filly Fly;
Thus doing thou wilt burn thy wings and die.

But 'tis a folly her advice to give,
She'll kill the candle, or she will not live.
Slap, says she at it; then she makes retreat,
So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat.

Nor doth the candle let her quite escape,
But gives some little check unto the ape:
Throws up her nimble heels and down she falls,
Where she lies sprawling, and for succour calls,

DIVINE EMBLEMS. 49

When she recovers, up she gets again,
And at the candle comes with might and main.
But now behold, the candle takes the Fly,
And holds her, till she doth by burning die.

COMPARISON.

This candle is an emblem of that light,
Our gospel gives in this our darksome night.
The Fly a lively picture is of those
That hate, and do this gospel-light oppose.
At last the gospel doth become their snare,
Doth them with burning hands in pieces tear.



On the Rising of the Sun.

LOOK, look, brave Sol doth peep up from beneath,
Shews us his golden face, doth on us breathe;
Yet he doth compass us around with glories,
Whilst he ascends up to his highest stories.
Where he his banner over us displays,
And gives us light to see our works and ways.

Nor are we now as at the peep of light,
To question, is it day, or is it night.
The night is gone, the shadow's fled away,
And now we are most certain that 'tis day,
And thus it is when Jesus shews his face,
And doth assure us of his love and grace.



Upon the promising Fruitfulness of a Tree.

A Comely sight indeed it is to see
A world of blossoms on an apple-tree:
Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
If all its dainty blooms young apples were.
But how much more, might one upon it see,
If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
But most of all in beauty 'would abound,
If every one should then be truly found.
But we, alas! do commonly behold
Blossoms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.
They (too) which hang till they young apples are,
By blasting winds, and vermin take despair,
Store that do hang, while almost ripe we see
By blust'ring winds are shaken from the tree.
So that of many, only some there be,
That grow and thrive to full maturity.

COMPARISON.

This tree a perfect emblem is of those
Which do the garden of the Lord compose.

Its blasted blooms are motions unto good,
Which chill affections do nip in the bud.

Those little apples which yet blasted are,
Shew, some good purposes, no good fruits
bear.

Those spoil'd by vermin are to let us see,
How good attempts by bad thoughts ruined be.

Those which the wind blows down, while
they are green,

Shew good works have by trials spoiled been.
Those that abide, while ripe upon the tree,
Shew in a good man some ripe fruit will be.

Behold then how abortive some fruits are,
Which at the first most promising appear,

The frost, the wind, the worm, with time
doth shew,

There flows from much appearance, works
but few.



Upon the Thief.

THE while he doth steal, thinks he doth gain;
Yet then the greatest loss he doth sustain.
Come thief, tell me thy gains, but do not filter,
When sum'd, what comes it to more than the
halter.

Perhaps, thou'lt say, the halter I defy;
So thou may'st say, yet by the halter die.
Thou'lt say, then there's an end; no pr'y thee
hold,

He was no friend of thine that thee so told.
Hear thou the word of God, that will thee tell,
Without repentance, thieves must go to hell.
But should it be as thy false prophet says,
Yet naught but loss doth come by thievish ways.

All honest men will flee thy company,
Thou liv'st a rogue, and so a rogue will die.

Innocent boldness thou hast none at all,
Thy inward thoughts do thee a villain call.

Sometimes when thou ly'st warmly on thy bed,
Thou art like one unto the gallows led.

Fear as a constable breaks in upon thee,
Thou art as if the town was up to stone thee.

If hogs do grunt, or silly rats do ruffle,
Thou art in consternation, think'st a bustle
By men about the door is made to take thee:
And all because good conscience doth forsake thee.

Thy case is so deplorable and bad;
Thou shunn'st to think on't, lest thou
should'st be mad.

Thou art beset with mischiefs ev'ry way,
The gallows groaneth for thee ev'ry day.

Wherefore I pr'ythee, thief, thy theft
forbear,

Consult thy safety, pr'ythee have a care.
If once thy head be got within the noose,
'Twill be too late a longer life to choose.
As to the penitent thou readest of,
What's that to them who at repentance scoff.
Nor is that grace at thy command or pow'r,
That thou should'st put it off till the last hour.
I pr'ythee thief, think on't, and turn betime:
Few go to life, who do the gallows climb.



Of the Child with the Bird on the Bush.

MY little bird, how canst thou sit,
And sing amidst so many thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But pr'ythee little bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true it is sunshine to day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm;
My pretty one come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering;

At days thy danger's great by kites,
How can't thou then sit there and sing.

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plumbs, if thou them crave;
I'll cover thee with finest filk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My Father's palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at court;
Unthought of music thou shalt play:
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it every day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
No manner o'harm shall come to thee:
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo, behold, the bird is gone;
These charmings would not make her yield:
The child's left at the bush alone,
The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

COMPARISON.

This child of Christ an emblem is;
The bird to finners I compare:
The thorns are like those sins of his.
Which do surround him ev'ry where.

Her songs, her food, and sunshine day,
Are emblems of those foolish toys,
Which to destruction lead the way,
The fruit of worldly, empty joys.

The arguments this child doth chuse,
To draw to him a bird thus wild,
Shews Christ familiar speech doth use,
To make to him be reconcil'd.

The bird in that she takes her wing,
To speed her from him after all:
Shews us, vain man loves any thing,
Much better than the heav'nly call.

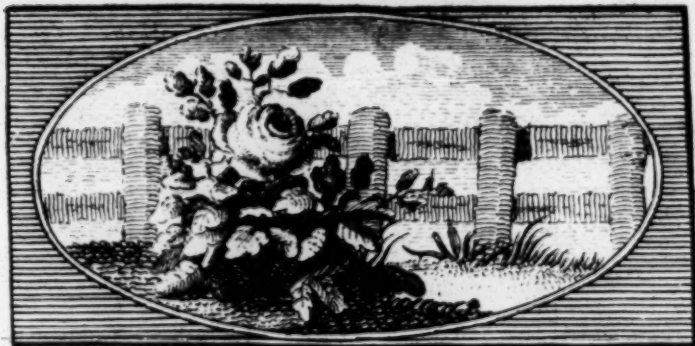


Of Moses and his Wife.

THIS Moses was a fair and comely man;
His wife a swarthy Æthiopian:
Nor did his milk-white bosom change her
skin.

She came out thence as black as she went in.
Now Moses was a type of Moses' law,
His wife likewise of one that never saw
Another way unto eternal life;
There's myst'ry then, in Moses and his wife.
The law is very holy, just and good,
And to it is espous'd all flesh and blood:
But yet the law its goodness can't bestow
On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore as Moses' wife came swarthy in,
And went out from him without change of skin:
So he that doth the law for life adore,
Shall yet by it be left a black-a-moor.



Of the Rose-bush.

THIS homely bush doth to mine eyes expose,
A very fair, yea comely ruddy rose.

This rose doth always bow its head to me,
Saying, Come pluck me, I thy Rose will be;
Yet offer I to gather Rose or bud,
Ten to one but the bush will have my blood.

This looks like a trapan, or a decoy,
To offer, and yet snap, who would enjoy;
Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,
Be he the master of it or a stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a rose, if none must
have it,
Who dost expose it, yet claw those that
crave it.
Art become freakish? Dost the wanton play,
Or doth thy testy humour tend this way.

COMPARISON.

This Rose God's Son is, with his ruddy looks:
But what's the bush. whose pricks like
tenter-hooks,
Do scratch and claw the finest ladies hands,
Or rend her cloaths, if she too near it stands.
This bush an emblem is of Adam's race,
Of which Christ came, when he his Father's
grace
Commended to us in his crimson blood,
While he in sinners stead and nature stood.
Thus Adam's race did bear this dainty rose,
And doth the same to Adam's race expose:
But those of Adam's race which at it catch,
Them will the race of Adam claw and scratch.



Of the going down of the Sun.

WHAT, hast thou run thy race, art going down?
 Why, as one angry, dost thou on us frown?
 Why wrap thy head with clouds, and hide thy face,
 As threatening to withdraw from us thy grace?
 O leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy head,
 Our horizon with darkness will be spread.
 Tell, who hath thee offended, turn again:
 Alas! too late, intreaties are in vain!

COMPARISON.

The gospel here has had a summer's day,
 But in its sun-shine we, like fools, did play;
 Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle.
 And did, instead of work, not much but jangle.
 And if our sun seems angry, hides his face,
 Shall it go down, shall night possess this place.
 Let not the voice of night-birds us afflict,
 And of our mispent summer us convict.



Upon the Frog.

THE Frog by nature is both damp and cold.
Her mouth is large, her belly muth will hold;
She fits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, tho' unpleasantly.

COMPARISON.

The hypocrite is like unto this Frog;
As like as is the puppy to the dog.
He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide,
To prate and at true goodnefs to deride.
And though the world is that which has his love,
He mounts his head, as if he liv'd above,
And though he seeks in churches for to croak
He neither loveth Jefus, nor his yoke.



Upon the Whipping of a Top.

'TIS with the whip, the Boy sets up the top,
The whip does make it whirl upon its toe;
Hither and thither makes it skip and hop:
'Tis with the whip, the top is made to go.

COMPARISON.

Our Legalist is like this nimble top,
Without a whip, he will not duty do.
Let Moses whip him, he will skip and hop;
Forbear to whip, he'll neither stand nor go.



Upon the Pismire

MUST we unto the Pismire go to school,
To learn of her in summer to provide,
For winter next ensuing; man's a fool,
Or silly ants would not be made his guide.

But, sluggard, is it not a shame for thee,
To be out-done by Pismires? Pr'ythee hear:
Their works (too) will thy condemnation be,
When at the judgement-feat thou shalt appear.

But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey, her ways consider, and be wise:
The Pismires will inform thee what to do,
And set the way to life before thine eyes.



Upon the Beggar.

HE wants, he asks, he pleads his poverty,
 They within doors do him an alms deny.
 He doth repeat and aggravate his grief;
 But they repulse him give him no relief.
 He begs, they say begone: he will not hear,
 He coughs and sighs to shew he still is there;
 They disregard him, he repeats his groans;
 They still say nay, and he himself bemoans.
 They call him vagrant, and more rugged grow;
 He cries the shriller; trumpets out his woe.
 At last when they perceive he'll take no nay,
 An alms they give him, without more delay.

COMPARISON.

This beggar doth resemble them that pray
 To God for mercy, and will take no nay;
 But wait, and count that all his hard gain-says,
 Are nothing else, but fatherly delays:
 Then imitate him, praying souls, and cry:
 There's nothing like to importunity.



Upon the Horfe and his Rider

THERE's one rides very fagely on the road;
Shewing that he affects the graveſt mode:
Another rides tantivy, or full trot,
To ſhew ſuch gravity he matters not.

Lo! here comes one amain, he rides full
ſpeed,

Hedge, ditch, or miry bog, he doth not heed.
One claws it up-hill without ſtop or check,
Another down, as if he'd break his neck.

Now ev'ry horſe has his eſpecial guider:
Then by his going you may know the rider.

COMPARISON.

Now let us turn our horſe into a man,
The rider to a ſpirit, if we can:
Then let us by the methods of the guider,
Tell ev'ry horſe how he ſhould know his rider.

Some go as men direct, in a right way,
Nor are they suffer'd e'er to go astray:
As with a bridle they are govern'd well,
And so are kept from paths that lead to hell.

Now this good man has his especial guider:
Then by his going, let him know his rider.

Another goes as if he did not care,
Whether of heav'n or hell he should be heir.
The rein, it seems, is laid upon his neck,
And he pursues his way without a check.

Now this man too has his especial guider,
And by his going he may know his rider.

Again some run, as if resolv'd to die,
Body and soul to all eternity.
Good counsel they by no means can abide;
They'll have their course, whatever them
betide.

Now these poor men have their especial
guider;

Were they not fools, they soon might
know their rider.

There's one makes head against all godliness
Those (too) that do profess it he'll distress:
He'll taunt and flout if goodness doth appear;
And those that love it, he will mock and jeer.

Now this man (too) has his especial guider.
And by his going he may know his rider.



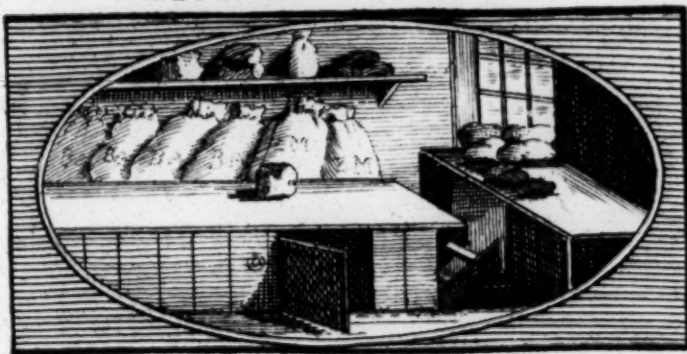
Upon the fight of a Pound of Candles
falling to the Ground.

BUT are the Candles down, and scattered too,
Some lying here, some there? What shall we do?
Hold, light the candle there that stands on high,
The other candles you may find thereby.
Light that, I say, and so take up the pound,
Which you let fall and scatter'd on the ground.

COMPARISON.

The fallen Candles to us intimate,
The bulk of God's elect in their laps'd state,
Their lying scatter'd in the dark may be,
To shew by man's laps'd state his misery.

The Candle that was taken down and lighted.
Thereby to find them fallen and benighted,
Is Jesus Christ: God by his light doth gather
Whom he will save and be to them a Father.



Upon a Penny Loaf.

THY price one penny is, in time of plenty;
In famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty.
Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set,
When there is but one penny loaf to get.

COMPARISON.

This Loaf's an emblem of the word of God,
A thing of low esteem; before the rod
Of famine smites the soul with fear of death:
But then it is our all, our life, our breath.



The Boy and Watch-maker.

THIS Watch my father did on me bestow,
A golden one it is, but 'twill not go.
Unless it be at an uncertainty:

But as good none, as one to tell a lye

When'tis high day, my hand will stand at nine;
I think there's no man's watch so bad as mine.
Sometimes 'tis fullen, 'twill not go at all,
And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a fall.

Watch-maker.

Your watch, though it be good, through
want of skill

May fail to do according to your will.

Suppose the ballance, wheels and spring
be good,

And all things else, unless you understood

To manage it, as watches ought to be,
 Your watch will still be at uncertainty.
 Come, tell me, do you keep it from the dust,
 And wind it duly, that it may not rust?
 Take heed (too) that you do not strain
 the spring;
 You must be circumspect in ev'ry thing,
 Or else your watch will not exactly go,
 'Twill stand, or run too fast, or move too slow.

COMPARISON.

This boy resembles one that's turn'd
 from sin;
 His watch the curious work of grace within.
 The Watch-maker is Jesus-Christ our Lord.
 His counsel, the directions of his word,
 Then Convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
 Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the same.
 Do not lay ope' thy heart to worldly dust,
 Nor let thy graces over-grow with rust,
 Be oft' renew'd in th' spirit of thy mind,
 Or else uncertain thou thy watch wilt find.



Upon a Looking-glass.

IN this, see thou thy beauty, hast thou any;
Or thy defects, should they be few or many.
Thou may'st (too) here thy spots and freckles see,

Hast thou but eyes, and what their numbers be.
But art thou blind? There is no looking-glass
Can shew thee thy defects, thy spots, or face.

COMPARISON.

Unto this glass we may compare the word,
For that to man assistance doth afford.
(Has he a mind to know himself and state);
To see what will be his eternal fate.

But without eyes, alas. how can he see?
Many that seem to look here, blind men be.
This is the reason, they so often read,
Their judgement there, and do it nothing



Of the Love of Christ.

THE love of Christ, poor I! may touch upon;
But 'tis unsearchable. O! there is none
Its large dimensions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon, world without
end.

When we had sinn'd, he in his zeal did swear,
That he upon his back our sins would bear.
And since to sin there is entailed death,
He vow'd that for our sins he'd lose his breath.

He did not only say, vow, or resolve;
But to astonishment did so involve
Himself in man's distress and misery,
As for, and with him both to live and die.

To his eternal fame in sacred story
We find that he did lay aside his glory.

Stepp'd from the throne of highest dignity,
Became poor man, did in a manger lie;
Yea, was beholden upon his for bread,
Had, of his own, not where to lay his head:
Though rich, he did, for us, become thus poor,
That he might make us rich for evermore.

Yet this was but the least of what he did;
But the outside of what he suffered.
God made his blessed Son under the law;
Under the curse, which like the lion's paw,
Did rend and tear his soul, for mankind's sin,
More than if we for it in hell had been.
His cries, his tears, and bloody agony,
The nature of his death doth testify.

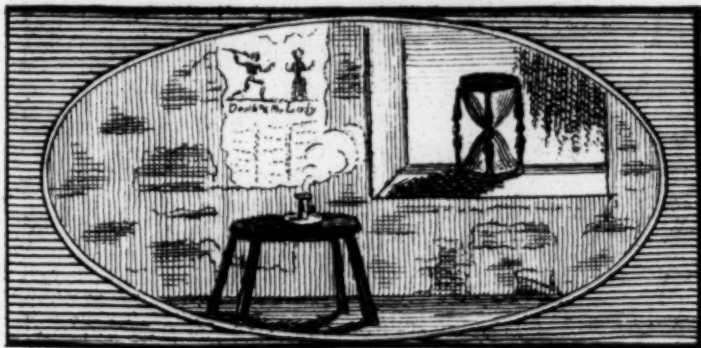
Nor did he of constraint himself thus give,
For sin to death, that man might with him live.
He did do what he did most willingly,
He sung, and gave God thanks that he must die.
Did ever king die for a captive slave?
Yet such were we whom Jesus dy'd to save.
Yea, when he made himself a sacrifice,
It was that he might save his enemies.

And, though he was provoked to retract
His blest resolves to do so kind an act,
By the abusive carriages of those,
That did both him, his love, and grace oppose:
Yet he, as unconcern'd about such things,
Goes on, determines to make captives kings;
Yea, many of his murderers he takes
Into his favour, and them princes makes.



On the Cackling of a Hen.

THE Hen so soon as she an egg doth lay,
 (Spreads the fame of her doing what she may).
 About the yard a cackling she doth go
 To tell what'twas she at her nest did do.
 Just thus it is with some professing men,
 If they do ought that's good; they like our hen,
 Cannot but cackle on't where-e'er they go,
 And what their right hand doth, their left
 must know.



Upon an Hour-glass.

THIS glass when made, was by the workman's
skill,

The sum of sixty minutes to fulfil.

Time more, nor less, by it will out be spun,
But just an hour, and then the glass is run.

Man's life, we will compare unto this glass,
The number of his months he cannot pass:
But when he has accomplished his day,
He, like a vapour, vanisheth away.



Upon a Snail.

SHE goes but softly, but she goeth sure,
She stumbles not, as stronger creatures do
Her journey's shorter, so she may endure,
Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but stilly seizeth on
The flow'r or herb, appointed for her food;
The which she quietly doth feed upon,
While others range and glare, but find
no good.

And though she doth but very softly go,
However slow her pace be, yet 'tis sure;

And certainly they that do travel so,
The prize which they do aim at they procure.

Although they seem not much to stir or go,
Who thirst for Christ, and who from wrath
do flee;

Yet what they seek for, quickly they come to,
Though it doth seem the farthest off to be.

One act of faith doth bring them to that
flow'r

They so long for, that they may eat and live;
Which to attain is not in others power,
Though for it a king's ransom they would
give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismay'd,
That life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail
To have it; let them nothing be afraid;
The herb and flow'r are eaten by the snail.



Of the Spouse of Christ.

WHO's this that cometh from the wildernes,
Like smoky pillars thus perfum'd with myrrh,
Leaning upon her dearest in distress,
Plac'd in his bosom by the comforter?
She's cloathed with the sun, crown'd with
twelve stars.

The spotted moon her footstool she hath made.
The dragon her assaults, fills her with jars,
Yet rests she under her beloved's shade.

But whence was she? What is her pedigree?
Was not her father a poor Amorite?
What was her mother but as others be,
A Hittite sinful, poor, and helpless quite.

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,
As loathsome, out of doors they did her cast;
Naked and filthy, stinking and forlorn:
This was her pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pitied in this estate,
All let her lie polluted in her blood:
None her condition did commiserate,
There was no heart that sought to do her
good.

Yet she unto these ornaments is come,
Her breasts are fashion'd and her hair is
grown;

She is made heiress of an heavenly home.
All her indignities away are blown:
Cast out she was, but now she home is taken,
Once she was naked, now you see she's clad;
Now made the darling, though before for-
faken,

Bare foot, but now, as princes-daughters shod.

Instead of filth, she now has her perfumes,
Instead of ignominy, chains of gold:
Instead of what the beauty most consumes,
Her beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend, and wait upon her be
Princes of honour cloath'd in white array;
Upon her head's a crown of gold, and she,
Eats honey, wheat and oil, from day to day.
For her beloved, he's the high'st of all,
The only Potentate, the King of kings:
Angels and men do him Jehovah call,
And from him life and glory always springs.

He's white and ruddy, and of all the chief:
His head, his locks, his eyes, his hands, and feet,
Do for completeness out-do all belief,
His cheeks like flowers are, his mouth most
sweet.

As for his wealth, he is made heir of all,
What is in heav'n, what is in earth is his:
And he this lady his joint heir doth call,
Of all that shall be, or at present is.

Well lady, well, God has been good to thee?
Thou of an out-cast, now art made a queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be,
A beggar made thus high is seldom seen.

Take heed of pride, remember what thou art
By nature, tho' thou hast in grace a share,
Thou in thyself dost yet retain a part
Of thine own filthiness: wherefore beware.



Upon a skilful player on an Instrument :

HE that can play well on an instrument,
Will take the ear, and captivate the mind
With mirth or sadness, when it is intent;
And music into it a way doth find.

But if one hears that hath therein no skill,
(As often music lights of such a chance)
Of its brave notes they soon be weary will:
And there are some can neither sing nor
dance.

COMPARISON.

To him that thus most skilfully doth play,
God doth compare a gospel-minister,
That doth with life and vigour preach
and pray,

Applying right, what he doth there infer.
Whether this man of wrath or grace doth
preach,

So skilfully he handles every word,
And by his saying, doth the heart so reach,
That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord.
But some there be, which as the brute
doth lie

Under the word, without the least advance:
Such do despise the gospel-ministry;
They weep not at it, neither to it dance.



Of Man by Nature.

FROM God he's a back-slider,
Of ways he loves the wider;
With wickedness a fider,
More venom than a spider.

In sin he's a confider,
A make-bate and divider;
Blind reason is his guider,
The devil is his rider.



Upon the Disobedient Child.

CHILDREN, when little, how do they delight us!
When they grow bigger, they begin to fright us.
Their sinful nature prompts them to rebel,
And to delight in paths that lead to hell.
Their parents love and care they overlook,
As if relation had them quite forlook.
They take the counsels of the wanton, rather
Than the most grave instructions of a father,
They reckon parents ought to do for them,
Though they the fifth commandment do contemn.
They snap, and snarl, if parents them controul,
Although in things most hurtful to the soul,
They reckon they are masters, and that we
Who parents are, should to them subject be.
If parents fain would have a hand in chusing,
The children have a heart still in refusing.

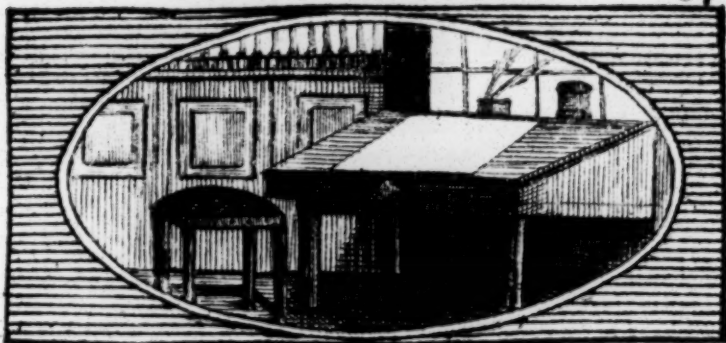
They by wrong doings, from their parents gather,
And say it is no sin to rob a father.
They'll jostle parents out of place and pow'r,
They'll make themselves the head, and them
devour.

How many children by becoming head
Have brought their parents to a piece of bread.
Thus they who at the first were parents joy,
Turn that to bitterness, themselves destroy.

But wretched child, how canst thou thus requite
Thy aged parents, for that great delight
They took in thee, when thou, as helpless lay,
In their indulgent bosoms day by day?
Thy mother, long before she brought thee forth,
Took care thou should'st want neither food
nor cloth.

Thy father glad was at his very heart,
Had he, to thee, a portion to impart.
Comfort they promised themselves in thee,
But thou, it seems, to them a grief will be.
How oft! How willingly brake they their sleep,
If thou, their bantling, did'st but winch or weep,
Their love to thee was such, they could have giv'n,
That thou might'st live, all but their part of heav'n.

But now, behold, how they rewarded are!
For their indulgent love and tender care,
All is forgot, this love they do despise,
They brought this bird up to pick out their eyes.



Upon a sheet of white paper.

THIS paper's handled by the sons of men;
 Both with the fairest and the foulest pen.
 'Twill also shew what is upon it writ,
 Whether 'tis wisely done, or void of wit,
 Each blot and blur, it also will expose
 To the next readers, be they friends or foes.

COMPARISON.

Some souls are like unto this blank or sheet,
 (Tho' not in whiteness:) The next man they meet;
 Be what he will, a good man or deluder,
 A knave or fool, the dangerous intruder
 May write thereon, to cause that man to err,
 In doctrine or in life, with blot and blur.
 Nor will that foul conceal wherein it swerves,
 But shew itself to each one that observes.
 A reading man may know who was the writer,
 And by the hellish nonsense the inditer.



Upon the Fire.

WHO falls into the fire shall burn with heat;
While those remote scorn from it to retreat.
Yea, while those in it, cry out, Oh! I burn,
Some farther off those cries to laughter turn.

COMPARISON.

While some tormented are in hell for sin;
On earth some greatly do delight therein.
Yea while some make it echo with their cry,
Others count it a fable and a lye.

FINIS.



RK

are